

C O R S I C A.

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C O R S I C A

[Title & Index]

C O R S I C A,

A N

O D E.

*Virtutem ex Me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis -----*

VIRG. Æn.

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MDCCLXXII

C O R S I C A, &c.

REBELS!—avaunt th'inglorious name
 To Those who burn with Virtue's flame!
 To Heroes, whose undaunted soul
 Spurns haughty GENOA's rude control,
 And mocks the Tyrant's nod;
 Usurper! 'tis in vain—thy sway
 True Corage deigns not to obey,
 Or bow beneath the rod.

True Corage, rous'd by Honor's laws,
 Will perish—in her Country's cause;
 Her claim, the heav'n-born Rights, which Freedom gave;
 Though worlds against her league, she cannot sink a slave.

See!

C O R S I C A.

See ! how she dooms to foul disgrace
 Mean Impotency's dastard-race !
 With curses, hark ! they drop the chain,
 Their fiend Oppression rear'd in vain,

Drop—to the *trait'rous* GAUL !

Each gale to BRITAIN wafts her cries ;
 —To thee she heaves Affliction's sighs ;

Oh ! hear a Sister's call !

The Brave distress'd—thy succor lend !

—Thou ever yet wert Mis'ry's friend ;

'Tis thine to wipe the tear, to lull the moan :

Oh ! save them from their foes, yes ! save them from thine own.

Still undisturb'd by GALLIA's train

Might rest the sea-encircled plain ;

Still, CORSICA, thy barb'rous shore

Might smile amid the billows' roar,

With all an Island's pride ;

Of Commerce, and of Toil the seat,

Might view thy un aspiring fleet

In CALVI's harbor ride.

O'er VICO's wide-expanded grove

The shepherd still might chaunt his love,

Bless'd with content, unconscious of alarms ;

Nor stain his paths with blood, or mourn the din of arms.

Mark !

Mark! the rude cottage, wildly spread
 High on the rock's enormous head!
 Whose waste of horror mates the sky,
 Nature's Palladium—to defy
 Invasion's giant-might;
 Where social fires, nocturnal cheer,
 Shine through the vale a starry sphere,
 —Or meteors' glimm'ring light*.
 Here natives hardy as their soil
 Might ply secure their daily toil;
 Blest'd!—for unknown the throbs of venal pow'r,
 Unknown the sweets that pall ITALIA's luscious hour.

Still—but 'tis thine to feel the dart
 Ambition aims at BRITAIN's heart:
 For not, alas! thy fleecy train,
 That winds, elusive of their swain,
 The forest's craggy maze;
 Not the huge oak's majestic shade,
 Perhaps old Ocean's joy display'd
 —In future happier days;
 Not all, thy little kingdom boasts,
 Could tempt th'intruder to thy coasts,
 Not Freedom's charms allure—though GALLIA's ire
 Has ever loath'd the realm, which Freedom's smiles inspire,
Pity

* BOSWELL's History of Corsica, p. 29.

C O R S I C A.

Pity an injur'd, infant land,
—BRITAIN, 'tis thine with fost'ring hand
To swell the buds of Glory, thine
To bid the treasur'd mental mine
Luxuriant burst to view ;
Congenial radiance marks the State—
The paths, which gave thee to be great,
Her vig'rous steps pursue.
'Tis Her's to catch the patriot flame ;
—Each struggling TEUCER springs to fame,
And calls thy mountains, CORTE, if BRITAIN shield,
To boast a CRESSY'S worth, or BLENHEIM'S nobler field.

Why sheath'd the sword ! what magic charm
Arrests the vengeance of thine arm ?
Say, does the firen Peace beguile ?
Still luring with Corruption's smile
Unman the warrior's heart ?
Myriads of Pleasures in her train,
Say, does she lead thee to the reign
Of Lux'ry, and of Art ?—
—Her Sybarites oft has BRITAIN led,
Though roses strew'd their filken bed,
Through streams of slaughter led them to renown,
And o'er the myrtle wreath'd the laurel's deathless crown.

Why

Why sleep lethargic!—crush the foe,
And ward the *meditated* blow.

Had CADIZ known thy *hostil* pow'r,
Sunk in the dust th'embattled tow'r

Had quell'd the SPANIARD's pride;
No more had BOURBON's hydra-race
(While black Dishonor veil'd his face)

A Conqu'ror's arms defy'd.

Arise! whose bosom, prone to save,

Wish'd not a * subject—for a slave;

Wish'd not in arbitrary chains to bend;

—Oh! bid a realm be free, which stamps thee for a friend.

Nor deem, where tears from Merit fall,

Religion deaf to Nature's call;

The Muse, who fill'd with sacred ire,

To quench th'imperious papal fire,

Has drawn the *cens'ring* pen,

Gives o'er the warrior's *Christian* soul,

Fair Charity, thy streams to roll;

—Reflect, that they are men!

If errors cloud their wayward mind,

If tyrant Superstition blind,

Not theirs the *guilty* thought—the blaze of light

Pour on the cheerless gloom, and guide them to the right.

Guide

C O R S I C A.

Guide them, where Learning's social hour
 May harmonise Retirement's bow'r ;
 To SPARTA's rugged glebe dispense
 The honey'd dew of Eloquence,
 And pour an ATTIC reign ;
 Unfold, Philosophy, thy charms !
 Oh ! sooth the iron voice of Arms
 With Reason's purer strain !
 And Thou, with consecrating breath,
 Hist'ry, record their deeds of death ;
 Let Truth proclaim a baffled GENOA's groan,
 And grace a Classic Isle with BOSWELLS of her own.

Wrapp'd in a *new* LYCÆUM's shade
 I see the aged Hero lay'd !
 Prophetic see, on eagle wing,
 Sweet Poesy's enchantments spring,
 And tune the *fav'rite* lore ;
 Prophetic listen to the tale,
 ' O'er ev'ry hill, through ev'ry vale,
 ' BELLONA wakes no more.'
 Fir'd by the soul-exalting theme,
 I pant to realise the dream ;
 With flow'rs of Genius deck the Patriot's thought,
 And point the blissful scene a PAÖLI has wrought.

Warrior,

C O R S I C A.

7

Warrior, whose heart, averſe to blood,
Still triumphs in a Nation's Good !
Statesman, whoſe frown, with terrors ſpread,
Rolls thunder on Corruption's head ;
 Whoſe ſmile is—Virtue's ſhield !

Sage, who alike with watchful zeal
Unruffled plan'ſt the Public Weal

 In council, and the field !

Teach *poliſh'd* BRITAIN—to be free ;
Teach her to think, to act—like Thee ;

Like Thee—the ſofter bands of Concord prove,
And all her gen'rous ſons imbibe their Country's Love.

F I N I S.

C O R S I C A

Warrior, whose heart, averts to blood,
Sits triumphs in a Nation's Good!
Statelike, whose brow, with terror frown,
Rolls thunder on Corruption's head;
Whole family is—Virtue's shield!
Sage, who sits with wondrous zeal
Unfettered, the Public Weal,
In council, and the field!
Teach, ye, Britain—to be free;
Teach her to think, to act—like thee;
Like thee—the softer bands of Concord prove,
And all her generous sons imitate their Country's Love.

F I N I S